

Commercial

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HENRY M. WHITNEY.

PACIFIC Commercial Advertiser.

Little Things.

Often, little things we hear,
Often little things we see,
Waken thoughts that long have slept
Deep down in our memory.

Strange night the circumstances
That has force to turn the mind
Backward on the path of years,
To the loved scenes for behind?

The perfume of a flower,
Or a quaint old-fashioned tune;
Or a song bird's little leaves
Singing in the sunny June.

Tis the evening star, mayhap,
In the gloaming silver-bright;
Or a gold and purple cloud
Waving in the Western light.

Tis the rustling of a dream,
Or a certain tone of voice,
That can make the pulses throb,
That can beat the heart again.

Ah, my heart! but of joy
Must now thy history tell,
Sorrows, shame, and bitter tears
Little things recall us well.

—Chamber's Journal.

VARIETY.

The young woman who was "driven to distraction" now fears that she will have to walk back.

When you hear the phrase, "I may say without vanity," you may be sure some characteristic vanity will follow in the same breath.

ASTONISHING A PICKPOCKET.—A New Bedford lady astonished a Boston pickpocket by the pointed interrogatory: "Why do you put your hand in my pocket, when I have my purse here in my hand?"

If you visit a sweet girl, and if you are won, and she is won, you shall both be one.

Some say the quickest way to destroy "weels" is to marry a widow. It is no doubt a most delightful species of husbandry.

ENTRANCE ON A MEAN.—Reader, beware inmoderate love of pelf!

Here lies the worst of *thiers*, who robbed himself.

He is a very poor man indeed who has money and nothing else.

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, but there are many more slips after the cup has been drained by the lips.

An Irishman, returned from Italy, was asked in the kitchen, "Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," he replied.

"I remember," said Sydney Smith, "entering a room with glass all around it at the French embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted of course."

I knew a young lady who said she didn't like turtle soup. Affectionately rebuking her, I was answered, pitifully that she didn't much object to the taste but that she thought it so cruel and so wicked to kill turtle doves.

A dashing young bachelor lately appeared in Central Park, New York, with two handsome ponies, whose tails were done up to look like a boy's tail, and coaxed up in small fish nets. The resemblance was capital, and the team created quite a sensation.

Among the proceedings of the Ohio Sunday School Convention, we find the following resolution: "Resolved, that a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath School."

An elderly and good-natured spinster, on being rallied as the "single blessedness," declared, "I have a large lost heart, because I have always kept in constant remembrance the fact that Naomi, the daughter of Elimech was five hundred and eighty years old when she got married."

STRANGE ADVENTURE.—At Kelly, in England, a boy who had driven some cows that were lying down, the boy kicked one of the cows and the animal whisked her tail, the long tuft becoming entangled around his foot. This frightened the cow, which set off at the top of her speed and dragged the boy to death.

A barber in England, during the prevalence of the cholera, expressed his opinion to a customer on whom he was operating, that after all the cholera was in the hair. "Then," was the answer, "you ought to be careful what brushes you use." "Oh, sir," replied the barber, laughing, "it doesn't mean the air of the 'ed, but the hair of the hatsomophore."

Cain has found an apologist in Dr. Cummings, of London, who, in his "Lives of the Patriarchs," says that as Cain can never have seen a dead human being, or learned anything about death, or known that a heavy blow would destroy the vitality, of which, again, he can have perceived nothing, his guilt was, at the outside, only manslaughter. Cummins ought to be a lawyer.

SCENE AT THE SESSIONS.—Recorder (to prisoner)

"How do you live?" Prisoner—"I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked whether he'd be roasted or fried." Recorder—"We don't want to hear what the oyster said. What do you follow?" Prisoner—"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over a tree." Recorder—"We care nothing about the locomotive. What is your business?" Prisoner—"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken." Recorder—"That comes nearer to the line, I suppose?" Prisoner—"Altogether in my line, as the rape said when choking the pirate." Recorder—"If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months." Prisoner—"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

ENIGMA.—If you impress what babies wear,

"Tell me where show what bad falls are;

"Again, if you transpose the same,

"You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;

"Change it again, and you'll see

"What you have a desire to do;

"Transpose the letters once more;

"What bad men do you'll then explore.

LAW.—An upper mill and lower mill

"Fall out all at their wits end;

"The law is not to blame, it is, to law,

"Resolved to give no quarter;

"A lawyer is by each engaged,

"And both they contend,

"What is the law, and how far they waged

"They jested were better ended;

"The heavy costs remaining still,

"Were settled without bother;

"One lawyer took the upper mill;

"The lower went the other."

ART OF NOT QUARRELING.—Sensible husband:

"Is it not a clever quarrel, Mrs. Xantippe?"

"Well, I will tell you. One person can't make a quarrel."

"Now, if I am in a querulous humor,

"and break out, my wife remains cool and collected

"and don't say word. If my wife is peevish,

"and displays more temper than is becoming to one of her

"beautifull sex, I, her husband, remain as unmoved as

"the monument, or else cheat myself into a belief

"that I am listening to some heavenly song. We may

"quarrel one at a time, and it is astonishing, if you

"leave a quarrel alone, how very soon it dies out!"

That's our secret, madam; and I should advise you

and ad Xantippe to follow it.

THE PACIFIC



HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, MARCH 17, 1866.

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Insurance Cards.

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